

*H. O'Keeffe (J)*  
**LIE OF A DAY:**

**A COMEDY,**

**IN THREE ACTS.**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.**

**By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.**

**L O N D O N :**

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# *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Sir Carrol O'Donovan	-	-	Mr. WADDY.
Young O'Donovan	-	-	Mr. CLARKE.
Aircourt	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Larry Kavanagh	-	-	Mr. KNIGHT.
Alibi	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Metheglin	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Povot	-	-	Mr. SIMMONDS.
Waiter	-	-	_____
Footman	-	-	Mr. BLURTON.
Boy	-	-	_____
Lady Arable			Mrs CHAPMAN.
Sophia	-		Mrs. KNIGHT.
Katty Kavanagh	-		Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Fib	-	-	Mrs. WATTS.



SCENE—HAMPTON COURT.

# LIE OF A DAY.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Room at the Toy.*

*Enter AIRCOURT and WAITER.*

AIRCOURT.

**A**NY of our lads up here at the Toy since, Ned?

*Wait.* Yes, your Honor; the crew of your cutter dined with us last Sunday.

*Airc.* Is old Alibi the attorney down here much?

*Wait.* Yes, Sir; he's over at his house.

*Airc.* Have you seen his ward, Miss Sophia Seymour, lately?

*Wait.* Ah! poor young lady! he seldom let's her go out but to church—A charity for some gentleman, like your Honor, to whip off to church with her.

*Airc.* Why, Ned, I have some notion—but to give you a simile in your own way—the old black

rascal keeps her as close as a cork in a bottle; which, to get out, I mustn't bolt inward, but turn screw round and round, and then cluck's the word. Get me a room and put my things in it.

[*Exit* WAITER.]

How shall I get to see her? My new rival too! Who can he be?—Let's see—Where did Sophia say she first saw him? (*peruses a letter.*) "Noticed his watching me at the gate of Sir Ashton Lever's Museum—heavy shower at Chelsea—brought guardian and I to town in his haekney-coach—" "A monstrous fool!"—Yes; but if this monstrous fool should prove an over-match for all my wit—If I could only contrive to see her.

*Enter* LARRY KAVANAGH *and* WAITER.

*Wait.* Please, Sir, to walk into this room.

[*Exit.*

*Airc.* O'Donovan!

*Larry.* Aircourt! Who'd have thought of meeting you here at Hampton-Court?

*Airc.* Why, but what the deuce brought you here?

*Larry.* I'm here upon a love-scheme—incog.—hush! you remember I told you over the last bottle we crack'd together at the Bedford—

*Airc.* True; our candles went out, and your story set me asleep (*yawns*).

*Larry.* Well, rouse now—You know Alibi the attorney—he's guardian to the most lovely—the sweetest—

*Airc.* Zounds, my Sophia! (*aside.*)

*Larry.* I'll have her,

*Airc.* Will you, faith? (*aside.*) What, then, you're acquainted with her?

*Larry.* The first time I saw my charmer, she was engaged in a wrangle with her guardian at the gate of the—Museum—in—a—Leicester-fields.

*Airc.* Leicester-fields! Oh, ho! (*aside.*)

*Larry.* She would see the butterflies, ha, ha, ha! He in a rage flapping his cane on a show-glass of watch-strings, seals, and sleeve-buttons—cries, "Zounds, it's half-a-crown"—"The exact price of that pane," says the man of the shop—"Jack, fetch the glazier"—The expence of this accident determined the affair; and the generous attorney, instead of Sir Ashton's, proposing a trudge to Don Saltero's, I whip'd in a hack before them to Chelsea—Returning home, down comes an auspicious shower, and, to save eighteen-pence, Alibi accepts of part of my coach.

*Airc.* What, your own hack, Ha, ha, ha!—Yes, this is Sophia's monstrous fool (*aside*).

*Larry.* I throw a tender glance—Sophia blushes, and we exchange hearts through our eyes—Such ogles!

*Airc.* Damn your ogles! (*furly.*)

*Larry.* What!

*Airc.* That is, I want to know your scheme.

*Larry.* Will you help?

*Airc.* With pleasure—to cut your throat (*aside*).

*Larry.* Vastly good! That letter (*gives it*).

*Airc.* "To Capias Alibi, Esquire—Dear Sir, "the bearer is a young man from Yorkshire, "being desirous to improve himself in the profession of an attorney, I recommend him to you; "and think a dealing in this case will be to the "advantage of both. Yours, Noli Profs,"—Well, what of this?

*Larry.* Ha, ha, ha! Can't you see? *That*, I procured for a little cash, of a brother rogue of Alibi's—I deliver it—it gains me free access to Sophia; of which, if I don't avail myself——

*Airc.* Must turn him off from this (*aside*). Won't Alibi remember you in the Chelsea shower? Ha, ha, ha! won't he?

*Larry.* No, he won't; ha, ha, ha! (*mimicking.*) For, to get the worth of his money in gaping about, he scarce look'd at me at Don Saltero's—And then, to face my charming Sophia, I sat beside him in the coach; besides, I shall change my voice; and, to provide for that, I've made Nol say I am from Yorkshire—Oh, you'd laugh to see—I shall be clerkified all over (*displays his dress*).

*Airc.* But really now, do you think old Alibi is such a blockhead as not to perceive from your air, person, address—the fashion that is in your manner altogether! What! take you for a sordid, shabby Cursitor-street ramskin scribbler? Ha, ha, ha! never! The gentleman in your coat wou'd belie Nol Pross's letter, and get you and it kicked out of the house, to the eternal disgrace of St. James's, and the triumph of Chancery-lane.

*Larry.* Egad, Aircourt, I believe you're right.

*Airc.* Depend upon't, the old attorney wou'd perceive the diamond, though set in copper.

*Larry.* Hang it! this air of travel which we acquire abroad—I wish I wasn't so—elegant in my manière—I wish I had a little of the common—vulgar—Now you, Aircourt, how natural you'd look the ramskin scribbler!

*Airc.* D'ye think so? you flatter me.

*Larry.* O, you'd top the character!

*Airc.* Then, dem'me, I'll appear in it. I will secure this letter—that will do—and for change of dress

dress, Ned the Waiter will equip me! (*aside.*) Zounds, it is two o'clock! but I can get to Drury-lane by the second act.

*Larry.* 'Sdeath! don't think of town or play-houses to-night!

*Airc.* Her Calista is one of the most capital—— When she tears the letter——“ To atoms thus let “ me tear the wicked, lying evidence of shame”—— (*having, unseen, put LARRY's letter in his pocket, tears another.*)

*Larry.* Why, zounds, you've torn my letter!

*Airc.* And then her smile of contempt upon Horatio, after——

*Larry.* Damn you and Horatio, Sir! D'ye see what you've done? Knock'd up my whole affair!

*Airc.* 'Pon my soul I ask pardon—I did not think what I was about.

*Larry.* The devil! What am I to do now? This is cruel of you, Aircourt.

*Airc.* Come, O'Donovan, though I've destroyed your passport, no harm done. For any project to gain Sophia, I'm yours—from a spank to Scotland, burning old Alibi's house, or any mischief of that sort.

*Larry.* My dear Aircourt, I thank you heartily—I'll go dress, and then for Lady Arable's, a charming young widow here at Hampton Court—Has been over in Ireland to view some of her estates there, and my father has squir'd her back again—Designs her as a match for me—Ha, ha, ha! Rather a nice thing to match me, Eh, Aircourt?

*Airc.* Yes; but I think I'll match you, ha, ha, ha!

*Larry.* My father don't know I have been five months diverting myself in England under an assumed name—Dad thinks I'm still on my Italian

travels—my bills will come pelting in upon him rarely—An't I right, my boy? Lovely Sophia!—Love, fire, and frolick, that's my motto!

*Airc.* Plague of your frolicks! (*aside.*)—Sophia, perhaps, is at home now?—That is—he keeps her close.

*Larry.* Close! she saves him the expence of a clerk. But, Aircourt, don't think of London to-night.

*Airc.* Well, I won't.

*Larry* (*looking at fragments*). Honest Nol Profs's letter—What the devil's to be done?

*Airc.* Oh, Nol Profs's letter (*looking at it*); it will do something yet, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeant.*]

## SCENE II.—*An Office in ALIBI's House.*

(*SOPHIA discovered writing at a high Desk.*)

*Sophia* (*dashes the pen away*). I will not write any more of his law-gibberish! Was ever poor girl so used as I am by this wicked old attorney! Cruel mamma! to make such a wretch her executor; and condemn me to the guardianship of one who will never suffer me to be united to the man I love, whilst it's his interest to keep my fortune in his hands. O, my beloved Aircourt! (*sings*) “Young Harry's the lad for me!”

*Alibi* (*without*). Yes, the very thing I wanted.

*Enter ALIBI.*

Sophy, look at my forehead—any blood come? I only wish it wou'd! I've been endeavouring to provoke the exciseman, and abusing him these six weeks;

weeks; but at last he has given me a choice knock on the pate—The rogue's worth money, and I'll have swinging damages!

*Sophia.* Lord, Sir! Do you go out to quarrel with the people only on purpose that they may beat you?

*Alibi.* To be sure! Beat! Why, I have made 50*l.* out of the wag of a finger, and have earned a hundred guineas of a morning, only by single tweaks by the nose.—Now, Miss, have you drawn up the bill of indictment? Egad! child, you'll have no use for your fortune! By the Lord! you'll make a choice chamber counsel.—(*Reads*) “Parish aforesaid—county aforesaid—did make  
“an assault upon one——and did then and there  
“beat, wound, and cruelly illtreat—against the  
“peace of our sovereign lord the king——But of  
“all the fine wrestlers that dance on the green,  
“young Harry's the lad for me!”—Oh, the devil! here's a bill of indictment to come before a grand jury!—So, the exciseman breaks my head with his gauging stick, and then “Young Harry's  
“the lad for me!”

*Sophia.* Well; and so Harry Aircourt is the lad for me, in spite of you or all Westminster-hall, with Lord Chief Justice at your head.

*Alibi.* I wish I could but once see this fine Mr. Harry Aircourt in the street though, only to see if he's such a prime serjeant as you make him.

*Sophia.* He a prime serjeant! No! heaven made my Aircourt handsome, witty, gay, elegant, generous, and good natur'd.

*Alibi.* It's his good nature that shoves him on to make ballads about me, and set all his drunken companions at the Anacreontic roaring out in chorus

chorus "O rare old Alibi!"—But if he comes, if I don't set my bull dog at him—

*Sophia.* O, then, from your bull dog Heaven defend me—ha, ha, ha!

*Enter AIRCOURT, disguised as a country lad.*

*Alibi* (*sees AIRCOURT, puts SOPHIA out*). Who are you? What do you want?

*Airc.* I want to larn the laa.

*Alibi.* You want to larn the laa! I wish you'd larn manners.

*Airc.* Oh I have—for I daunce mortishly weel.

*Alibi.* You daunce! Then, perhaps, you come here for a partner (*looking after SOPHIA*).

*Airc.* Yez.

*Alibi.* What do you want?

*Airc.* I want—that letter (*gives one*).

*Alibi.* You want—this letter?—then what the devil do you give it me for?

*Airc.* Look at the outside.

*Alibi.* "Capias Alibi—Bearer—from York-shire—attorney—recommend—dealing—this case—advantage—Yours, Nol Profs."—Well, Yorkshire's a good country to produce an attorney. My friend Nol Profs gives you a good character.

*Airc.* Oh yez, Sir—I'm a very honest lad.

*Alibi.* Honest! and want to be an attorney! Hem! I don't think I can do anything with you.

*Airc.* No! Then what am I to do with the money feyther sent up wi' me for it?

*Alibi.* You have money! Now I look at you again, you're a very promising lad.

*Airc.*

*Airc.* Cousin Nol said I might larn, board, and sleep here.

*Alibi.* Ecod! if you *sleep* here, you must *board*; for I've no bed for you (*aside*).

*Airc.* You see my money is ready, so I hope you'll afford me a good bed?

*Alibi.* Why, you dog!—your ready money shews you don't want to lie upon tick, ha, ha, ha? Hark ye! Perhaps I sha'n't beat you above once before you commit a fault.

*Airc.* Before!

*Alibi.* Yes; I may thrash you out of pure good nature, only to shew you what you are to expect if you deserve it.

*Airc.* Oh, then I'm to be beat to save me from a threshing! Good natur'd indeed, he, he, he!

*Alibi.* You're not given to girls, are you?

*Airc.* I sometimes play in the meads a wi' bit.

*Alibi.* Well said, Yorkshire! But you wont dare to speak to a young lady?

*Airc.* Not for the world! I'd blush so hugely.

*Alibi.* That's right—I like a modest youth—because I have a young Miss within here.

*Airc.* Lacka-daisy! do you keep a Miss?

*Alibi.* Ha, ha, ha! What a simpleton! Before I determined to retain him, I'll first see their behaviour together—Miss Sophy!

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Airc.* My beloved girl! I hope she'll know me (*aside*).

*Alibi.* Well, Sophy, I've got a new clerk.

*Sophia.* This must be the fop that followed me to Chelsea—He said he'd visit me in some disguise; but

but I'll discourage his impertinence in time (*aside*).  
Ha, ha, ha! my very wise, vigilant, shrewd, fagacious guardian! A clerk! ha, ha, ha! This is a very facetious gentleman, that's come hither on a scheme to run away with me! ha, ha, ha!

*Airc.* S'death! what can she mean? (*aside*.)

*Alibi.* How! an impostor!

*Sophia.* Look! You can't know the polite Srephon that brought us from Chelsea in his hackney coach?

*Alibi.* This!

*Airc.* What! I!—he, he, he!

*Sophia.* Bless me! it's my Aircourt himself (*aside*.)

*Alibi.* Why, Sophy, you're the most conceited—When, neither you nor I ever saw this young man before. That coxcomb Aircourt has blown you up so with his love nonsense, that you imagine all the young men in the town are laying plans and stratagems, ha, ha, ha! You are welcome, my lad, and so is your money! (*takes it*.)

*Sophia.* Now I look at him again, he's vastly like Aircourt.

*Alibi.* She only says this to vex me. He shall be my clerk above all the clerks in Christendom.

*Airc.* He, he, he! Thank you, Sir (*bows*).

*Sophia.* "He, he, he! thank you, Sir"—Oh, you shock!

*Alibi.* He's no shock! he's a pretty boy, and will be Lord Chancellor, won't you, Robin?

*Airc.* Ecod, that's my name sure enough.

*Sophia.* Well, mind, Jack Robin—since guardian will keep you, you shall be my beau, and make love to me.

*Air.* Love! Oh Miss!

*Alibi.* Get you in.

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* Now pray——

*Alibi.* Go—(*puts her in.*) Don't mind her, Robin—Her heart's so full of this Aircourt, that I believe she'd despise even a Judge upon the bench.

*Airc.* What, then she loves one Aircourt?

*Alibi.* But, my young clerk, by way of beginning, I'll set you a task—Step into that room there, and ingross this deed (*gives him papers*)—AIRCOURT going towards the door where SOPHIA went off)—Stop—that door (*pointing to the centre door*).

*Air.* I thought I was to ingross there, he, he, he!

*Alibi.* Robin, you're a good lad; but for a lawyer, heaven save us!

*Airc.* Then you think my coming here answers the purpose.

*Alibi.* Oh, yes, your coming here answers the purpose! (*clinking the money.*)

*Airc.* And that by this means I shall get all I want (*steals the key out of SOPHIA's door*).

*Alibi.* (*counting the money*). Yes; by this means we get all we want—Go yonder.

*Airc.* Dear, how much I am obliged to Mr. Nol Profs!

[*Exit at centre door.*]

*Alibi.* Write away, my boy! and I warrant you'll be Lord Chief Baron some Sunday or other—Dam'me, I'll dress my wig on your pate next Saturday evening. As I am going out, no harm to lock up my ward—The key gone! How's this? Soft! (*locks the centre door, and takes the key.*) One key is as good as another. Good bye, Robin.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Coffee Room at the Toy.**Enter Sir CARROL and WAITER.*

*Sir Car.* Never mind, young man; I don't want any refreshment—I've set Lady Arable down at her house, and am only walking about to see your town and palace. And, Joy, so this is your coffee-room? Oh, newspapers! Let's peep at the "Lie of the Day" (*reads*).

[*Exit WAITER.*]

*Enter Young O'DONOVAN with a small bundle on a stick over his shoulder—wary, sits.*

This poor young man seems to have had a long walk of it.

*O'DONOVAN rings—Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Did your Honor call? (*to Sir CARROL.*)

*O'Don.* 'Twas I that rung—A little wine and water.

*Wait.* (*surveys him contemptuously.*) Coming, Sir.

*O'Don.* I spoke to you.

*Wait.* This room is only for gentlemen—Coming.

*O'Don.* (*looks sternly at WAITER.*) Sir, I ask pardon (*bows to Sir CARROL, and is retiring*).

*Sir Car.* Stop, Sir.—(*turns to WAITER*) Hark ye, friend! remember, as you live by the public liberality, your guest, be his appearance what it may,  
has

has a claim, at least, to your civility. You say this room is appropriated to gentlemen—I am one, and master of a parlour in Ireland to the full as good as this: and by my soul, I cou'd never think it more highly honor'd than by giving a welcome to the weary traveller. Go.

[*Exit WAITER.*

I ask pardon, Sir—whence are you?

*O'Don.* Sir, I came from London now, and got there only last night from Ireland.

*Sir Car.* Then you're Irish?

*O'Don.* Sir, I have that honor.

*Sir Car.* And pray, my young traveller—excuse my questions; but I feel myself interested in your concerns, though a stranger to them. Tell me, what are your views?

*O'Don.* In my infancy, my father, Sir, (I never knew the cause,) came over to England, and thus destitute, Providence raised a friend, who placed me at Dublin College. The death of this benefactor stopping my resources, obliged me to quit my studies, and I have been drawn to Hampton-Court on the credit of a disjointed kind of story, that my father had retired here in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, which he had acquired by the practice of an attorney: but after a long journey, and every possible inquiry, I can hear of no such person.

*Enter LARRY KAVANAGH, dressed.*

*Larry.* Povot! bring a glass—Such an abominable room to dress in! For a glass you thought, I suppose, Narcissus-like, I was to set my face in a basin of water.

*Enter*

*Enter SERVANT with glass, powder puff, &c.*

Hah! this is something! (*adjusts himself before a glass.*) There you are, from toupee to shoe-string—As this lady's house is so near—Povot, another volley from your powder-puff.

*Sir Car.* Why, you scoundrel! what, do you mean to make a barber's shop of a coffee-room?

*Larry.* A little more on this curl, Povot.

*Sir Car.* Take that, sirrah! (*strikes Povot.*)

*Povot.* Ventre bleu!

*Sir Car.* And your master's a puppy, whoever he is.

*Larry.* Can you fence, old Touchwood?

*O'Don.* (*interposing.*) I can a little, Sir.

*Larry.* You!—ah! (*contemptuously.*) Tol, lol, lol!

[*Exeunt LARRY and POVOT.*]

*Sir Car.* (*looks after LARRY, then at O'DONOVAN.*) Oh, what a bitter mistake has fortune made! Now that thing, void of manners and humanity, may have a worthy father, who, while he supplies with a liberal hand, little thinks he's throwing his money away upon a rascal! Ah, this is your *home-education*! I have a son abroad that I expect in a few days, stay till you see him, my generous lad—he shall thank you for your spirited politeness to me.—Since you have lost your friend, and can't find your father, inquire for me at Lady Arable's—Something may be done—Hold!—I'll perform first, and that saves the trouble of a promise, and precludes even a chance of disappointment (*offers money*).

*O'Don.* I thank you, Sir; but it's too soon to accept of favors, even when we stand in need of them (*declines*).

*Sir*

*Sir Car.* Well, well, my boy—I—I—like your—spirit—I was abrupt—I ask your pardon.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Sir, Lady Arable has sent over.

*Sir Car.* Very well. Ask for Sir Carrol O'Donovan—(a fine young man!) What an unhappy father must he be, that could abandon such a son.

[*Exit Sir CARROL and WAITER.*

*O'Don.* Sir Carrol O'Donovan! Then the son that he speaks of must be the child my mother nursed—Now I shall know if she's yet living.—But alienated by her neglect, as I never knew the tender care of a parent, I don't feel that impulse of filial affection—Sir Carrol shan't know who I am—The meanness of my birth might add contempt to the compassion that my poverty has already excited.

[*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

4 AP 54

## A C T II.

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*A Room at Lady ARABLE's.*

*Enter Sir CARROL leading in Lady ARABLE.*

Lady ARABLE.

**N**ow, Sir Carrol, with thanks for your hospitality to me at your house in Ireland, I bid you welcome to my house in England.

*Sir Car.* Well, Lady Arable, recollect that your wife, old, and very good friends advised you to put yourself and fortune under the protection of an husband—I am entirely of their opinion; besides wasting the charming bloom of life in lonely widowhood, your property requires an hearted solicitude to manage it—If on sight (as you promised your relations) you shou'd like my son well enough to bless him with your fair hand—Oh, you will make me happy! I have never seen Edward no more than you, my Lady, as 'twas my father sent him abroad for education; but I expect you'll soon behold in my boy an accomplished gentleman.

*Enter FOOTMAN.*

*Footm.* Sir, a young man inquires for you.

*Sir Car.* Shew him up—With your permission, Madam.

[*Exit FOOTMAN.*]

*Enter*

*Enter O'DONOVAN clean—be and Lady ARABLE look with surprise and embarrassment at each other.*

*O'Don.* Sir, in obedience to your commands—

*Sir Car.* Lady Arable, a boon. As you'll have a good deal of stewardship and settling your affairs with old Alibi your attorney, some employment may be found for this young man.—Till I can do something for him, you'll oblige me by taking him under your protection: though he's a stranger, I'll stake my fortune on his honesty. (*O'DONOVAN bows.*)

*Lady Ara.* The very young man! Can he forget me? He come to England! (*aside.*)

*O'Don.* She's ashamed to recollect me: but she's right (*aside.*)

*Enter FOOTMAN.*

*Footm.* Sir, Mr. O'Donovan is arrived. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Car.* (*joyful.*) Hah! my son!

*Enter LARRY KAVANAGH dressed.*

*Larry.* As I never had the honour of paying my duty to a father, I presume, Sir, you are—  
How! (*surprized.*)

*Sir Car.* (*surprized.*) Edward! this!—My Lady, my son has paid his duty to *me* before in a powder puff!

*Larry.* I'm shock'd, Sir—with—such awe—

*Sir Car.* Pray, can you fence, old Touchwood?

*Larry.* Sir—I—I—(*sees O'DONOVAN*) He can a little.

*O'Don.* Then this is my foster brother (*aside.*)

*Larry.* I ask pardon, Sir; but at the first transient glance, I mistook you for a—some mechanic.

*Sir Car.* Did you, faith?—Ah, then at my first glance, I protest I mistook you for a—gentleman—So we were both mistaken (*mortified*). Son, this is Lady Arable, whom I so often mentioned in my letters (*introduces them*).

*Lady Ara.* Sir, you are welcome.

*Sir Car.* Edward, though your marriage with this Lady is rather to be hoped than expected, try if you can win her heart; for, Sir, the affection of an amiable woman is the first supreme delight that can possess the soul of man.—With all the shining, foreign education, a few home-spun documents are wanting here (*aside*).—A few words with you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Larry* (*looking at Lady ARABLE*). This still life! no dem it, the sprightly Sophia for me (*aside*). Tol, lol, lol. [*Exit.*]

*Lady Ara.* Pray, Sir, how have you left our amiable friend?

*O'Don.* Madam!

*Lady Ara.* Then you don't recollect ever having seen me in an agreeable party one evening?

*O'Don.* I hadn't a thought that the pleasure of *that* honor could be succeeded by the honor of this!

*Lady Ara.* Excuse me—but do you know any thing of this Mr. O'Donovan?

*O'Don.* Only, Madam, that he's the happiest of mankind.

*Lady Ara.* Oh, if married to me!—Vastly obliging!—But I am apprehensive, that where a mistress is the object, *your* judgment of happiness is

is not very extensive. Devoted to the Muses, you are, I presume, only *their* humble admirer.

*O'Don.* Madam, was there a Muse for every star, and that star like Lady Arable, the odds would still be in her favour (*bows*).

*Enter FIB hastily.*

*Fib.* Oh, Ma'am! Ma'am!

[*O'DONOVAN bows and exit.*]

*Lady Ara.* Well? (*peevish.*)

*Fib.* Lord, that's a very handsome young man! but they're all deceitful creatures!

*Lady Ara.* I'm in no humour now.—

*Fib.* Ma'am, only think of Mr. O'Donovan's pretending to his father that he will marry you, and yet all the while going on with an underhand scheme to carry off a young lady in the neighbourhood.

*Lady Ara.* Paying his addressee to another! O, if I can but bring this to a proof, it will justify to Sir Carrol a refusal that I'm now determined upon (*aside*).

*Fib.* Ay, and I can tell you more of his scandalous goings-on my Lady.

*Lady Ara.* Sophia knows everybody; I may hear from her who my rival is—But to employ this dear stranger as Sir Carrol requested. My steward Metheglin's neglecting my affairs, and gallanting about with this fine Irish belle that he has brought over, gives a colour for taking some of my papers out of his hands. Send Metheglin to me, and fetch my cloak.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter METHEGLIN and KATTY.*

*Meth.* Come in, I tell you, Mrs. Katty; this room and furniture is worth your seeing above all the rest.

*Katty.* Yes, Mr. Metheglin; but if your Lady should catch you bringing folks all about her house, I shou'd die with shame.

*Meth.* My Lady! ah, my dear, when ladies have taste, and butlers have—(*conceitedly.*)

*Katty.* Certainly, Mr. Metheglin, you are a very comely man, to give the devil his due.

*Meth.* My Lady's going to be married to another—therefore—honor—if she wasn't quite in love with me, she'd have turned me out of the house long ago, I'm grown so idle—Cou'dn't part with me, so took me over to Ireland with her, where I met you, my dearest Katty!

*Katty.* But, Mr. Metheglin, as I have had one bad husband already, the trifle I bring you, you must settle upon me in case I shou'd outlive you, honey.

*Meth.* I hope there's no fear of that, my sweetest.

*Fib (without).* Mr. Metheglin!

*Meth.* Do you hear? these women won't let me alone.

*Enter FIB.*

*Fib.* Pray come, my Lady wants you.

*Meth.* Oh this jealousy!—So here my Katty says, "Sit with me my comfort"—and my Lady sends word that she wants me,—If we're ordinary, we're ugly fellows; if beautiful, we are cruel souls and barbarous gentlemen—and from the lady in the

the drawing-room to the maids in the garret, they buz about us like flies round a honey-pot.

*Fib.* My Lady sent me to——

*Metb.* Yes, your Lady sent you to me, I send you to my Lady, and so return the compliment.

*Fib.* Ah, if you go on this way, you'll get the wrong side of the door.

*Metb.* The side of the door, Madam Fib?—  
—here's my thanks for not telling when I caught you daubing my Lady's tooth-powder on your cheeks, and cribbing her imperial tea.

*Fib.* Upon my word, you take an immense many airs upon you since you have brought over your bog-trotter. Ha, ha, ha! *[Exit.]*

*Katty.* Bog-trotter! only stop a moment, Mrs. Minikin, and I'll give you a mighty handsome slap on the forehead.

*Metb.* She wou'dn't stop, Katty, if you'd even give her *two*.

*Katty.* Bog-trotter, indeed! I'll soon shew the proudest of them all—Oh, stay till they see my son Larry master of Sir Carrol's estate!

*Metb.* A son of yours master of Sir Carrol O'Donovan's estate!

*Katty.* Since you and I are so soon to be one, you shall know all about it—I'll soon shew them who I am, and who my son Larry is.

*Metb.* Who is he pray?

*Katty.* You all think I only nursed this fine young gentleman that arrived an hour ago, but that's my *own* child.

*Metb.* Yours! the devil he is!

*Katty.* Mine. Sir Carrol making a stolen match, his father on hearing it sent him abroad, and the poor young lady his wife lying-in privately at my house, died in child-birth; so faith my husband,

husband, (poor man,) who was a little bit of a lawyer, made me send our own infant to the grandpapa instead of Sir Carrol's baby, and by this my son Lawrence is bred up like a fine gentleman, and 'tother poor fellow was placed at the college of Dublin as a fizer, or something of that sort.

*Metb.* How! shall I be master of Sir Carrol's great estate? see, Katty, if I don't manage it tightly for him. Steward, agent, and bailiff—encourage him to run out—lend him his own money—borrow myself of everybody—get into Parliament, and—*(suddenly claps his hand to his mouth)* Lord a mercy! what was I going to say?

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—ALIBI'S Office.

*Enter SOPHIA—speaks at centre Door.*

*Sophia.* Mr. Aircourt! my guardian's gone out.

*Airc.* *(within.)* But how shall I get out?

*Sophia.* What a malicious old creature to lock you in. Can't you push back the lock!

*Airc.* I have already broke his penknife attempting it.

*Sophia.* Try my scissars *(puts them under the door)*. There, take them—Lord! man! try. What the deuce, have you fallen asleep? how provoking! Aircourt!

*Enter AIRCOURT at the side unperceived.*

Ah! you're a pretty Pyramus! Why don't you try my scissars?

*Airc.*

*Airc.* What, to cut love or to kill the lion, my Thisbe!

*Sophia.* Ah! how the deuce did you get there?

*Airc.* Popped out of the back window—perched upon a cucumber frame—hopped up stairs—and here I am your own poor Robin!

*Sophia.* Ah, “You foolish fluttering thing” (*sings*) “Sweet Robin, sweet Robin!”

*Enter ALIBI.*

*Alibi.* Now do I suspect this Robin to be a canary (*aside*).

*Airc.* (*seeing ALIBI.*) The old one! but mind me (*apart*). Yes, Miss, I think I could teach you to play at cribbage after dinner, for I was counted a dab at it in our parts.

*Sophia.* Thank you, Robin.

*Alibi.* Now this must be Robin Goodfellow! and has whipped through the key-hole. I won't seem to know he's got out, only to try how he'll carry it off (*aside—unlocks the door and calls*). Well, Robin, have you engrossed that? “Come here my lad!”

(*AIRCOURT walks by him in at the door and instantly returns.*)

*Sophia.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Alibi.* Eh! that's one way of coming out.

*Airc.* The Yorkshire way; whenever we'd come out of a room, we always go in first.

*Alibi.* Your hand, you'll make a damned good lawyer! But I left you in that room, and I locked the door.

*Airc.* Yes, Sir, but you didn't lock the window!

*Alibi.*

*Alibi.* He'll do. A queer beginning though! no doing without application, my friend! I set you about an affair of consequence within *there*, and I find you with my ward without *here*.

*Sophia.* O, my poor guardian! so when you thought you had Robin in crib, here was he teaching me to play cribbage—He, he, he!

*Alibi.* How dare you quit your station?

*Airc.* Oh, Sir, I thought it was dinner-time.

*Alibi.* No danger from this fellow—I never heard or read of a lover that was hungry (*aside*).

*Airc.* Sir, I'd have you take care of one Aircourt, her head runs on nothing but him—he'll certainly carry her off.

*Sophia.* Oh, that nothing may hinder him!

*Alibi.* Yes, but *something* shall hinder him—my wit, my vigilance shall.

*Airc.* But what's your wit to a young fellow with strength in his arm and the devil in his head?

*Alibi.* What do you mean—to talk so, boy?

*Sophia.* Guardian! in spite of all your art and cunning, if my Aircourt, inspired by love and superior wit, had by an ingenuity of stratagem got in here, what would you do?

*Airc.* Aye, Sir, what would you do?

*Sophia.* Cou'dn't he push a little feeble old quizby like you down into a—chair?

*Alibi.* How, pray?

*Sophia.* Shew him how, Robin.

*Airc.* Why, there (*shoves him into a chair*).

*Alibi.* Well, now what would he do then?

*Airc.* Why he'd carry the girl off.

*Alibi.* If these are your notions, your friends did well to have you "larn the laa" if only to save you from being hanged some time or other! A good occasion this to give him his first lesson (*aside*).—

Well,

Well, honest Robin, you suppose it a very easy pleasant thing for a young fellow to run away with a lady from her guardian?

*Airc.* Quite easy, and vastly pleasant mayhap.

*Alibi.* Then I'll shew you, how for such a pleasant trick, you may hop and dance too. Sophy, hand me down that Coke yonder.

*Airc.* Stop, Miss, I'm taller nor yow (*helping her the book falls*).

*Airc.* Why, you dog, do you want to kill the girl?

*Sophia.* Yes, he's quite a killing creature.

*Alibi.* Now, my boy, I've something here under my thumb, that will open your eyes to the danger of breaking the laws of your country!

*Sophia.* But a true lover despises law and danger.

*Alibi.* Despise law! that's a decent word out of your mouth, Miss, before my pupil (*apart*).—Now, Robin, for argument's sake, we'll suppose that this young lady has 30,000*l.*—I don't say she has, only putting a case—and here I am her guardian; and we'll say, still for argument's sake, you are Aircourt.

*Sophia.* Aye, you are *my* Aircourt.

*Airc.* And you *my* Sophia; and there sits your gentle old quizby with Lord Coke under his thumb.

*Alibi.* Now, Robin—I beg your pardon, Mr. Aircourt—only just take that lady out of that door, and if you can read I'll after that shew you a few lines here that will convince you what a hopeful hobble one of us will be in.

*Airc.* But let's understand—Oh! I'm to make believe to run away with her, and we're to leave you in a hobble.

*Alibi.*

*Alibi.* What a stupid—he, he, he!—Sophy, carry it on with him.

*Sophy.* Me go out with him! Silly! indeed I shan't.

*Alibi.* Why, you perverse girl! mustn't I give the lad some insight of the profession since I've touched his money? and no conviction-like example—do it (*apart*). Take Sophy away.

*Airc.* I woll, I woll. But, Sir, if Aircourt even had carried off Miss in the manner I'm going to do, nobody would believe it—its so comical—he, he, he!—They'd only think it the “Lie of the Day.”

*Alibi.* Aye, Robin! the “Lie of the Day!”—There, go.

*Airc.* Well then, good bye—till we see you again. [*Exit whistling with SOPHIA.*]

*Alibi.* Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you ignoramus!—the fool little thinks that a man can't even run away with his own wife without being punished for it.—Now, where is the chapter?—don't come in yet—I'll shew him that he may get hanged for what he now whistles at—Oh, here it is—Robin!—Sophy!—Come, don't stand grinning out there at each other—Robin! Zounds! come in (*goes to door*). Eh! the door bolted!—Treachery!—Sophy!—Murder!—I'm robbed—Plague of Lord Coke—I'm nonsuited—that villain Nol Pros—Oh! damn Yorkshire!

[*Exit at centre door.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room at the Toy.*

*Enter SOPHIA hastily, speaking off.*

*Sophia.* My dear Aircourt! make haste; get us a good chaise and fine horses!—By this my guardian's in a precious fury—Heigho! Eh! Is'nt that Lady Arable? (*calls.*) Dear! I'm like a poor bird just got loose, can scarce believe my own happiness.

*Enter Lady ARABLE.*

*Lady Ara.* Sophia! what can have brought you to such a house as this? I could scarce believe it was you.

*Sophia.* O, Lady Arable! I've done the maddest thing—I've eloped from my guardy.

*Lady Ara.* Eloped! but with who, and what, and how?

*Sophia.* As to your *who*, it is with Mr. Aircourt; your *how*, he came and got me off disguised like a Yorkshire clerk; the *what*, we'll be married directly.

*Lady Ara.* Disguised like a clerk! the very circumstance Fib told me! Are you sure your lover's name is—What do you call him?

*Sophia.* Aircourt.

*Lady Ara.* Don't be surprized, my dear, if I assure you that your very Mr. Aircourt is no other than my Mr. O'Donovan, that was to have been married to *me* directly.

*Sophia.* Dear Lady Arable, how can such a thing come into your head?

*Lady Ara.* Wasn't his letter of introduction from a Mr. Nol Pros?

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* The very same.

*Lady Ara.* Believe me it's beyond a doubt; yet when you beckoned me I hadn't an idea that you were my triumphant rival, ha, ha, ha!

*Sophia.* No, but seriously, can this be true?

*Lady Ara.* Most indubitable!—Fib got the whole affair from Povot his valet, ha, ha, ha!

*Sophia.* Nay, but don't laugh at me, Lady Arable, for I'm exceedingly hurt.

*Lady Ara.* Pray, what introduction? how came you acquainted?

*Sophia.* Mere accident; at the dancing master's ball at the London tavern—happened to be my partner.

*Lady Ara.* Yes; his man told Fib that he had been dancing about London under a fictitious name, and his father Sir Carrol thinks he is just arrived from Paris.

*Sophia.* Oh, he's one of the most dissembling, cruellest—(cries.)

*Lady Ara.* I request my dear Sophia won't imagine that I made the discovery out of jealousy, envy, or any other pretty little female principle of good nature.

*Sophia.* I'll never see him more—I despise—I'll try to hate him—(cries.) Cruel Aircourt! he's gone for a chaise—but let him go by himself for a traitor—I'll go directly back to my prison—I'm so vexed!

[Exit crying.]

*Lady Ara.* I'll meet Mr. O'Donovan and bring conviction to his face.

*Air.* (without.) Come, my love! the chaise is ready.—(Enters.)

*Lady Ara.* I'm glad to hear it, Sir (turns). Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons—I expected another gentleman.

*Airc.*

*Airc.* And I, Madam, expected another lady.

*Lady Ara.* Pray, Sir, is your name Aircourt?

*Airc.* At your service, Madam.

*Lady Ara.* O! what an egregious blunder have I made! my poor Sophia! Sir, I can't wait now for an explanation—As I was the cause, though innocently, of your losing the lady, you shall command every effort of mine to regain her. [*Exit.*]

*Air.* What magic could have transformed Sophia to Lady Arable?—Here comes this fool!

*Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.*

*Larry.* Aircourt, I've been affronted so by Lady Arable—Do you know that she laughed at me this moment as I passed her?

*Airc.* No!

*Larry.* She did!—think of laughing at me! Damn me, I'll give her up—with all her beauty and fortune she is only a widow!

*Airc.* Aye, a second-hand wife. You're a fine fellow, O'Donovan, and should have a new one.

*Larry.* I will—I'll make formal proposals for Sophia. I had the sweetest smile from her window just now.

*Airc.* Gone home? (*aside.*) Was ever such a little twirlabout tee-to-tum.

*Larry.* I have sent my man to Alibi's to request an interview—but, Aircourt, you told me *you* were on a love scheme here? What are you about with your girl?

*Airc.* I don't know (*peevish*).

*Larry.* Don't know! don't bite me, ha, ha, ha! I see it, you've a puppy rival in the way.

*Airc.* I have, and a damned troublesome puppy he is—Just as you intend to Sophia, I am told he designs

designs to make proposals for my mistress to her guardian.

*Larry.* But what objection has this guardian to you?

*Airc.* Why, I don't know: some busy body has been chattering that I wrote a song upon him, or I intended to have him caricatured in the print-shops; the thing above all others it seems he's most afraid of.

*Larry.* Gad! I have it—Send an anonymous line to the guardian, that a most notorious hummer has laid a plan to come as a suitor to his ward, but his real purpose to get his person and manner for a caricature print or song] to turn him into ridicule; and if he is such an unique he'll take the alarm at once—I warrant your rival trundled out of the house without a hearing, ha, ha, ha!

*Airc.* And so, O'Donovan, this is your comfortable advice?

*Larry.* I only wish I had a rival with my Sophia that I might put the joke in practice. What a cursed foolish figure he'd cut!

*Airc.* You really think he would?

*Larry.* Oh, by Heaven! it would be the highest—only do try it.

*Airc.* Well, perhaps I may—You've sent your man you say to Alibi?

*Larry.* Yes, and in three minutes time I shall be there myself and make proposals. But never mind me, Aircourt; do send the letter to your old lad; you may sign yourself "*unknown friend*," or "*Q. in the corner*"—ha, ha, ha! 'twill make a screeching laugh.

*Airc.* Gad! I think it will—I'll try it however.

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

## SCENE IV.—ALIBI'S House.

*Enter ALIBI and SOPHIA.*

*Sophia.* Don't mention him; I hate him now as much as ever I loved him.

*Alibi.* I thought you'd repent of your fondness for your charming Aircourt.

*Sophia.* Do now let's hear no more of him; and upon my honour I won't run away again.

*Alibi.* 'Pon my honour, I don't think you will my little Soph! if a wise brain, brick wall, strong bolt, and double lock can prevent it.

*Sophia.* Ah, guardian, if a woman's mind is set upon a young fellow with a true heart, handsome face, and elegant person, your wall's a cobweb—bolt, straw—lock, pie crust—and your brain, syllabub!

*Alibi.* Don't tell me of cobweb—pie crusts!—You shall find me a Spider, Mrs. Lady-bird (*puts on his gown and cap*).

*Sophia.* Oh that *somebody* was to see you, ha, ha, ha! I'd have you taken off just as you are now.

*Alibi.* Take me off! If they gibbet me in their print shops I'll bring my action for a libel! their windows are a nuisance, exhibitions of scandal and indecency, to block up the footpaths and make a harvest for pick-pockets.

*Enter LARRY KAVANAGH.*

*Larry.* Mr. Alibi—Ma'am, you most—ha! charming by heaven! (*aside*.)

*Alibi.* Sir!

*Sophia.* This Chelsea fop to plague me! (*aside*.)

*Larry.* I have taken the liberty to wait upon you in hopes that my addresses to this lady may

prove agreeable to her tender inclination and your sage opinion (*bows*).

*Alibi.* Why, Sir, as to the tenderness of that lady's inclinations, that's a matter with me of just—about three halfpence (*mimicking LARRY*).

*Sophia.* And, Sir, the sagacity of that gentleman's opinion with me just—about—a penny farthing under that sum (*mimicking ALIBI*).

*Larry.* As I have totally forgot the multiplication table, Gad curse me! if I can strike a balance upon this business—But, Sir, I love, and will marry this lady! that's my sum total.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy (giving Letter to ALIBI).* A man left that for you, Sir. *[Exit.*

(*LARRY and SOPHIA walk up.*)

*Alibi (reads).* “An unknown friend warns you against a design to turn you into ridicule by caricaturing you for the print-shops; the person is a noted hummer, and introduced himself to you at Chelsea.”—Chelsea! the very fellow! (*reads*)—“And to finish his *outré* picture, he's to obtain an interview as a man of fortune in love with your ward Miss Sophia!”—Oh, oh, my friend!—“Take this hint from yours—Q. in the Corner.” (*Puts the Letter up and holds his face up to LARRY.*)

Well, look! have you got a likeness?

*Larry.* Eh!

*Alibi.* I've a striking phiz, an't I?

*Larry.* You have a very good phiz indeed, Sir.

*Alibi.* But when I've the pipe—

*Larry.* What the devil has he got at now?

*Alibi.*

*Alibi.* The tune of the ballad I suppose will be bow wow!—or, stop—Derry down 's a good tune.

*Larry.* Sir, I don't know what you mean by derry downs.

*Alibi.* Don't you? then I'll speak plainer—there's the stairs, and pray, Sir, do you walk down, down, down derry, derry down! (*sings.*)

*Sophia.* Ha, ha, ha! this is the very thing I was wishing for—I guess how it is—ha, ha, ha!

*Larry.* The laugh is against *somebody*, but dam'me if I can tell *who*.

*Sophia.* There, Sir, you see the attorney to advantage. Guardian, make a face for the gentleman.

*Alibi.* Ma'am, do you step in (*puts SOPHIA in*); and, Sir, do you step out.

*Larry.* Sir, I'm a person of rank and consequence, and must desire—

*Alibi.* And I desire you'll pack up your consequence, be your own porter, and carry it out of my house.

*Metheglin (without).* Are you above Master Alibi?

*Larry.* Oh, Lady Arable's butler; he can tell you that I'm a person of fashion.

*Enter METHEGLIN.*

*Metb.* Ah! what are you here Larry?—Gad I forgôt.

*Alibi.* So then, *Larry*! you're a man of fashion?

*Larry.* Fellow! I'll see if your lady authorizes this insolence to her guests; and as for you, I'll carry your ward by all the powers of love and stratagem. [*Exit.*]

*Alibi.* A goose quill for your stratagem—Damn the fellow! Did you ever see such a puff-crack? Who is he, Metheglin?

*Meth.* Can't reveal that without my wife's leave.

*Alibi.* Wife! Zounds! you hav'n't married her yet?

*Meth.* No.

*Alibi.* Where is she?

*Meth.* So eager to have her little penny settled upon her before our marriage, that she would come with me—she 's in the next room.

*Katty (without).* Mr. Metheglin!

*Alibi.* Her very voice! It is my dear wife! (*aside.*) Has she much money?

*Meth.* A power!

*Alibi.* I feel all my conjugal tenderness revive. Metheglin reach the ink-stand off the desk yonder.

*Meth.* She's a jolly body! be civil to her—the pen and ink, ay, ay! [*Exit.*]

*Alibi.* It is she—I gave her time to roll; and the prudent creature in purse and person has gathered like a snow-ball.

*Enter KATTY.*

*Katty.* Pray, Mr. Counsellor, do you know much of this husband I am going to marry?

*Alibi.* I know a husband you *did* marry (*with solemnity*).

*Katty.* And is it! are you alive, my Bryan! my own honey?

*Alibi.* Kate! Katty! O my Catherine! (*embrace.*)

*Enter METHEGLIN with Ink-stand.*

*Katty.* Mr. Metheglin, though now you and I are two, I believe you're an honest man.

*Alibi.* Mr. Metheglin, your wife turns out to be my wife!

[*Exeunt ALIBI and KATTY.*]

*Meth.*

*Metb.* Is the world at an end? am I myself? Quit me in half a minute for this big little villain! because he has money—for this false woman to reject my lady!—I'll—I'll lay my heart at her feet and make her happy!—Yes, I'll go to the drawing room!—No—first to the wine cellar!—Cruel Katty! barbarous—hem! [Exit.

SCENE—*Outside of the Toy.*

*Enter AIRCOURT and LARRY KAVANAGH.*

*Air.* Ha, ha, ha! what, trundled you down without a hearing?

*Larry.* Gad! as you say, trundled me down without a hearing; but held up his phiz as he called it, and in the most rude and ill bred manner fairly derry-down'd and bow-wow'd me out of his house.

*Airc.* Well said, Q. in the corner (*aside*).

*Larry.* And yet in my vexation I can scarce help laughing—for—brushing through Alibi's hall in my fury, who should I see sitting in the parlour very stately, but my Irish nurse. Prompted by curiosity and another peep at Sophy—

*Airc.* Sophy! well!

*Larry.* I popped into the adjoining room and overheard—Why she's Alibi's wife! and old pettifog is in horrid dread of a most tremendous Irish admirer, who paid his addresses on the supposition of her being a rich widow.

*Airc.* Ay, well!

*Larry.* Alibi fears he'll follow her from Ireland and cut his throat, ha, ha, ha! he is called Captain Kilmeinham O'Scuramough!

*Airc.* Psha! Damn your grinning, let's hear.

*Larry.* Why this hero is really it seems a devil of a wicked fellow—has been in the German service, and in some of the most dangerous actions on the Turkish frontiers.

*Airc.* Alibi in dread of this formidable Hibernian Hector! this may prove a *coup-de-main* (*aside*).

*Larry.* But, Aircourt, about your mistress—What have you done with your fool of a rival?

*Airc.* As great a fool as ever—he has been just now communicating a circumstance to me that I hope will put it into my power to jockey him once for all, ha, ha, ha!

*Larry.* Why, what a cursed blockhead must he be, to make *you* of all men his confidante.

*Airc.* A cursed blockhead!

*Larry.* Jockey him.

*Airc.* I will—ha, ha, ha!

*Larry.* But you promis'd to assist me in getting Sophia out.

*Airc.* If I don't get her out may I be—Well, good bye! when next we meet, you shall hear something of your girl that will astonish you.

*Larry.* Thankye—Adieu!

*Airc.* I'll about it, my boy—I'll jockey him, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Lady ARABLE'S.**Enter METHEGLIN with wine.*

METHEGLIN.

PERFIDIOUS Katty! But let her go to the—Indeed the black gentleman has got her already—Ah, for—*(fills and drinks)* sweet revenge—I cou'd quaff aquafortis—My lovely mistress, Lady Arable, I'm now all yours—I'll return your smiles with ogles, your leers with kisses, your money with—myself. But Sir Carrol seems so bent upon his son's marrying her—How to ward that! If I discover to Sir Carrol that Larry's not his son—But Katty told me that under the seal of secrecy—Honor—honor—honor! As I'm sure of my Lady's heart, what if I start this young stranger at her—Sir Carrol perceives it; his proud Irish blood is up, and he commands his son to think no more of her. In steps I, and all's my own. Oh, the beagle! Hip, boy, holloa!

*Enter Young O'DONOVAN with papers in his hand.*

I've a secret for you: take a drop out of the bottom of that glass.

*O'Don.* I thank you; but you see I'm in a hurry (*going*).

*Meth.* Stop—A false woman's worse than—an empty glass—"Adieu to the cellar delights!"—As I've made up my mind to marry my mistress, I must hire a butler of my own.

*O'Don.* You marry your Lady! Very good indeed, ha, ha, ha! Pray, isn't the match concluded between Lady Arable and Mr. O'Donovan?

*Meth.* Yes; it's at an end, if that's a conclusion (*bell rings*)—Aye, pull away now, my Lady; but presently, when I'm your lord and master, I'll teach you to knock my bells about in that manner.

*O'Don.* If Lady Arable's refusal of Sir Carrol's son is true, though I cou'dn't rejoice at her union with O'Donovan, yet I most sensibly feel at every cause of uneasiness to his worthy father (*aside*).

*Meth.* It's not birth; beauty is the mark women look at—it is not pedigree—not for the root, but the fruit of the tree their mouths water.—Lady Arable has cast an eye upon you—and two upon me (*aside*).

*O'Don.* How!

*Meth.* Fib told me that her Ladyship swore this morning you were the prettiest man in the house—except me (*aside*). I'll bring you together—you shall jink Larry—Hem! I mean, 'Squire O'Donovan.

*O'Don.* But, Metheglin, just now you were going to marry your mistress, ha, ha, ha!

*Meth.*

*Metb.* Never mind—I'll tell her how you love her.

*O'Don.* (*surprized and angry.*) Me! I don't—Did I ever tell you any such thing? Lady Arable lose a thought upon me!—If I cou'd think it possible, sooner than distress the worthy Sir Carrol, by being the cause that she rejects his son, I'd quit the house immediately (*aside*). [*Bell rings.*

*Metb.* Go to her, go, go.

(*Pushes O'DONOVAN off*).

Now I've prim'd him with love, he'll be talking soft: then I'll send Sir Carrol in upon them; but if the beagle shou'd jink me in this affair (*bell rings*)—There, she can't do without Metheglin! How do I look? (*looks in a glass.*) That glass of red mantles in my cheek and sparkles in my eye—Smile, you monkey! (*grimaces.*) The other corner—the other eye—Oh, bravo! I'll put on my wedding clothes, white fring'd gloves, bag wig, and clap my head in a new brigadier—then have at her noble countenance—I'll go to Alibi's, and see that the marriage articles are drawn up—Soon shall I be lord of all her houses, consuls, hogsheds, jointures, mills, meadows, plate, and puncheons. [*Exit.*

*Enter SOPHIA running.*

*Sophia.* Lady Arable? (*calling.*) Where can she be?

*Enter FIB.*

*Fib.* where's your Lady?

*Fib.* I'm looking for her, Ma'am—The jeweller has brought home her picture—I believe 'twas intended for Sir Carrol to give to Mr. O'Donovan.

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* What, the flashy fool that's teasing me? (*opens the case.*) Dear! its very like Lady Arable—Oh! here she is—Fib, go; I want to consult your Lady about my love-affairs.

*Fib.* Ah, my poor Lady, I fancy, has love-affairs of her own! [Exit.

*Enter Lady ARABLE.*

*Lady Ara.* Sophia! why, you fly in and out like a bird from the nest!

*Sophia.* Lord, my guardian has got a new wife—She let me escape—I told her I knew where there was real genuine Irish snuff to be sold, and that I'd go and buy her some—But, dear, it would be very wicked in me to set the poor old soul sneezing, he, he, he!—Lady Arable, I came to ask about Aircourt—I suppose you think me very forward?

*Lady Ara.* We must be blameless ourselves before we censure others—But, Sophia, you found I was wrong; that your Aircourt and Mr. O'Donovan are distinct persons.

*Sophia.* Yes, yes; oh, such a trick as Aircourt served him, ha, ha! But yet I fear my lover, from thinking himself sure of my heart, will grow careless—If I cou'd but make him jealous—He despises his present rival too much for that—Lord, Lady Arable, if that handsome young man you've here would walk before my windows, sighing and kissing his handkerchief, it would be such a spur to Aircourt—Oh, he'd whip me off to Gretna Green at once.

*Lady Ara.* But, Sophia, what if that handsome young man should not be quite indifferent to me.

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* You're in love with him; I see it in your face—Lord, never mind his being poor—have him, and we'll all four run away together.

*Lady Ara.* Though I flatter myself he's touch'd with mutual tenderness, yet the disparity of our situation can't suffer him to disclose it.

*Sophia.* O the fate of us poor women! We must walk round about the dear object, and, like a troubled ghost, never speak till we're spoken to; whilst the men can spout away—"Oh, never, my most adorable creature!"—"I die for you!"—"My angel!"—"I languish!"—"Pon my honor!"—"My love!"—"Oh! oh!" (*mimicks.*)

*Lady Ara.* Ha, ha, ha! As you say, Sophia, it never can come from me, therefore we must both pine in thought.

*Sophia.* It *shall* come from you though; you're a friend to my love, and I'll be a friend to yours, he, he, he!—Lady Arable, since you're out of all hope with this young man, tell him I have a penchant for him—it will make Aircourt so jealous.

*Lady Ara.* Well, Sophia, I will—It may at least be a trial how his heart is really affected towards myself.

*Sophia.* Lady Arable, shew him this; it's my picture (*gives it*).

(*Lady ARABLE going to open it, SOPHIA prevents her.*)

Lord, you've seen it a thousand times. Tell him that's a strong likeness of a lady that admires him.—Here he is—Now, now! [*Runs off.*]

*Enter O'DONOVAN.*

*O'Don.* Madam, as Sir Carrol desired, I have looked over those papers.

*Lady*

*Lady Ara.* Well, well.—I'm entrusted, Sir, with a strange kind of commission—You'll not be very surprized; for these things are more common than they should be—There is a certain lady who, if your heart is quite disengaged, is inclin'd to entertain some ideas in your favour.

*O'Don.* Madam! (*surprized and burt.*)

*Lady Ara.* The lady is a very particular friend of mine, and will have a very ample fortune.—Now, if that and Sophia's pretty features captivate him, farewell my silly hopes! (*aside.*)

*O'Don.* Your Ladyship is inclin'd to amuse yourself at the expence of my vanity.

*Lady Ara.* I assure you she is not a mean conquest—You may judge of her charms from this, her picture; with which, to spare her the indelicacy of a declaration, she desired me to present you (*gives the picture*).

*O'Don.* (*opens it indifferently.*) How! (*surprized.*) Impossible! Oh, Lady Arable! my heart, while I confess it sensibly awake to each perfection, never harboured a thought of the divine original (*kisses it*).

*Lady Ara.* Then he knows Sophia! Her money must have been his first attraction, and doubtless brought him to this neighbourhood — Divine! (*walks angry.*)

*O'Don.* She's offended—First try, and then punish my presumption! Cruel of you, Madam, to betray me into a confession that before I could make, I'd have perish'd—Pardon my audacity—I return you your picture, and relinquish every hope—I can never shew my face again—to you—or my benefactor—Heaven protect—my heart is full! Adieu, most honored Lady!

[*Exit.*  
*Lady*

*Lady Ara.* (*looks at picture.*) Heavens! my own picture! What a prank has Sophia play'd me—What must he think of me? And I to wrong his purity by my doubts—Yes, I have “blasphemed the god of my idolatry”—but was I quite certain that he entertain'd one tender thought for me, for the first time in my life I'd rejoice at being born to a splendid fortune. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *A Hall with several Doors at ALIBI'S—Wine and Tea.*

*Enter KATTY.*

*Katty.* Lord, what a fool was I to let that young creature go out and buy me snuff, and it already to cause a quarrel between me and my little old husband—He said, “the devil's in your nose, “Katty,” and that's what he said, sure enough, *Alibi* (*without*). Go in, I say.

*Enter ALIBI with SOPHIA.*

She run out to buy snuff, indeed! And there I find her walking about the palace gardens—Zounds! I never knew they sold snuff in the palace gardens.

*Sophia.* Let me peep at this letter the man flipt me—I'm sure he was a waiter at the Toy (*opens it*). It is from my dear Aircourt.

*Katty.* But, my pretty soul, where's the Irish snuff.

*Sophia.* Get along, you old fool (*peruses letter*).

*Alibi.* Running about after you has made me so thirsty (*drinks*). [*They all sit.*]

Oh,

Oh, Sophy ! Oh, Katty ! here had I retired after all my turmoils to enjoy the snug-chimney corner of life ; yet, on a sudden, I'm wound up in cares like a silk-worm in his woof—all of my own spinning too—In this country, I'm sure I can't stay long ; and if I were to venture back to Ireland, there I have ready before me that damn'd terrible Irish coffack——Katty, my love, what is that hector's name, the captain that lov'd you so much in Ireland ?

*Katty.* Captain Kilmeinham O'Scuramough ! Faith, and he did love me ! If he was to come over he'd shoot me in your arms.

*Alibi.* I'd as lief he wou'd shoot you anywhere else.

*Airc.* (*without.*) Tell her it's her friend Captain Kilmeinham O'Scuramough ! just come from Dublin (*with the brogue, very loud*).

*Alibi.* What ! (*terrified.*)

*Sophia.* My dear Aircourt keeps his promise to free me (*aside*).

*Katty.* Oh, husband ! 'tis Captain Kilmeinham O'Scuramough ; and seems to have been at his bottle—Here will be cutting and shooting !

*Alibi.* Cutting and shooting !

*Sophia.* A Captain ! Perhaps he will take a dish of tea with us, ha, ha, ha !

*Alibi.* Tea ! give him some *aquafortis* !

(*Glass broke without.*)

Zounds ! if he hasn't broke the lamp in the hall ! Who's there ? (*trembling.*)

[KATTY and SOPHIA *exeunt*.

*Enter AIRCOURT disguised.*

*Airc.* Sir, as I am a gentleman, I think it rudeness to force into any man's house.

*Alibi.*

*Alibi.* Really, Sir, I am somewhat of your way of thinking.

*Airc.* I find you are, Sir; as we both think of having the same woman—With submission, I think that's damn'd impudent in one of us.

*Alibi.* I think so too, Sir; but pray, to whom am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

*Airc.* To that amiable inconstant, the widow Kavanagh.

*Alibi.* The very desperado! Sir, I imagine you design to affront me.

*Airc.* I came on purpose.

*Alibi.* Civil creature! (*aside.*)

*Airc.* Look you, Sir; I have had the honor to serve at home and abroad—Ockzakow and Balbriggan—the Danube and the Liffey—Volunteer Reviews, and Bellgrade sieges—all one to Kilmelham O'Scuramough—And I have learnt in Ireland and Germany by tactic, theoretic and practice, that there are two ways of doing things. The first is (*fills*)—health (*drinks*)—that's one way! The second is (*fills*)—Sir, your health (*drinks*)—that's another way!

*Alibi.* Now, Sir, with deference to your tactics, those two ways seems to me but one.

*Airc.* Right, Sir; (*fills*)—two and one make three (*drinks*)—You see, Sir, how I love my bottle.

*Alibi.* I see how you love my bottle!—The greatest marauder I ever saw (*aside*).

*Airc.* How can you keep such wine?

*Alibi.* It's very difficult.—I wish I had a comfortable (*aside*).

*Airc.* Now, our Irish claret glides down like new milk—makes a man sprightly and good-natur'd; but your damn'd gunpowder port sets my kiln afire (*strikes his forehead*), and makes me as hot

hot and as wicked—It has just primed me for business; and now for the business that brought me before your citadel.—Hark'e, friend, as I doat on Mrs. Kavanagh, the man that loves her is a scoundrel!

*Alibi.* Sir, we still agree in opinion; but this widow happens to be my wife.

*Airc.* What! then you've married her, hah! O you most outrageous——

*Alibi.* But, Sir, long before you ever saw her.

*Airc.* Then you didn't give me fair chance—election or rejection, that's the word! But it can't be! She was never before in England.

*Alibi.* But I was in Ireland.

*Airc.* Sir, I have done—I ask pardon for all favours! (*bows low.*)

*Alibi* (*bows low*). Now you're cool, Sir—if I shou'd thrust myself into your house, break your glass-lantern, and make all this uproar, what wou'd you say?

*Airc.* Faith, Sir, I'd say nothing at all, at all; but I'd like a crow, have the honor to take you up to the garret-window, decently drop you down upon the flags, and crack you like a cockle.—Oh, I'd knock your head against the walls of Bender, as Charles the XIIth did the Janissaries!—I'd kick you just so (*throws down the table and breaks the china*). I'd turn you out of my house just so—Get along, you scoundrel!—I'd demolish all your aiders and abettors—

*Enter METHEGLIN, dressed as a bridegroom—AIRCOURT shoves him.*

I'd slay you and every scoundrel who'd take a lady from Captain Kilmeinham O'Scuramough! [*Exit.*

*Alibi.*

*Alibi.* Sophia! The marauder's gone down the road—Stop him, and I'll give you a hundred guineas!

*Metb.* Me! Wou'dn't stop a man on the King's highway for five thousand!

*Alibi.* O my ward!—Get along, you muzzy-headed fool—If you won't help to recover Sophia, get home to your sideboard—Furies! if she meets Aircourt, she's irrecoverably lost!—Sophy! [*Exit.*]

*Metb.* Muzzy-headed!—Fool!—Sideboard!—Very well—Yes, I think I'll introduce one Sir Carrol O'Donovan into this house.—Yes, he may be listen'd to, though I can't—I will—Master Larry—Oh, ho!—Ay, ay—Master Alibi—I'll discover—Aye—aye— [*Exit.*]

SCENE—*As before.*

*Enter O'DONOVAN.*

*O'Don.* How unlucky this mischievous fool Metheglin to acquaint Sir Carrol of my passion for Lady Arable; hers for me I have proved was entirely his own fancy. My benefactor must think me presumptuous and ungrateful. No; I'll return no more—This lawyer may afford me at least a temporary employment—if not I'll directly for London. Sir Carrol seems disturbed—(*retires*).

*Enter Sir CARROL.*

*Sir Car.* May I believe Metheglin's story—this young Larry as he calls him, whom I considered my son, really Alibi's!—Would they graft their  
D rascally

rascally bramble on the noble stock of the O'Donovans! Then, my poor unhappy child, whoever he is, must go by their name—Lawrence Kavanagh! Perhaps they have abandoned him, and he now languishes in penury—perhaps—dead!

O'DONOVAN *advances.*

Ha! my lad, we were all surprized at your abrupt departure.

O'Don. Sir Carrol, though I confess myself unworthy of your bounty, I'm not yet so base as to accept obligations from the person I have injured.

Sir Car. Why, Metheglin has been telling us—

O'Don. Truth! By insidiously cherishing a passion for your son's intended lady, I fear I have frustrated your favourite wish.

Sir Car. So a point of gratitude impelled him to relinquish the affluence that probably offered a reward to his merit—A noble-minded youth (*aside*).—How you first became acquainted with Lady Arable I do not ask; but had she been more candid, you should not have been hurt, nor her Ladyship troubled by my proposals for my son. The opinion I conceived of you at first sight has not deceived me. You have interested me to a more particular inquiry; and first tell me what is your name?

O'Don. Kavanagh.

Sir Car. How! your Christian name?

O'Don. Lawrence!

Sir Car. Who are your parents? (*quick and with great emotion*)

O'Don. Sir, I have just now seen my mother in this house, but I think she did not know me.

Sir Car. She nursed my son!

O'Don. (*bows.*)

Sir

*Sir Car.* It is—my Edward!—my generous boy! (*embraces him*)—so long the forlorn child of indigence—alike an unhappy subject for the scorn of pride and the tear of pity (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes*).

*O'Don.* Can this be?

*Alibi (without).* No, wife, you shan't prevail upon me to connive at your imposition.

*Enter ALIBI.*

Since Katty has squeaked, I'll slip my own neck out of the noose (*aside*).

*Sir Car.* Well, Mr. Alibi, alias Kavanagh! (*ALIBI surprised.*) I left you in Ireland twenty years ago a profligate young man, and now I find you in England a hardened old knave.

*Alibi.* Sir!

*Sir Car.* In youth, when the passions take the rein, vice may be the effect of folly; but when judgment is matur'd by age, a vicious man is a confirmed soundrel! Where's my son, rascal?

*Alibi (trembling).* Indeed, Sir Carrol, I'd myself give a thousand pounds to find him.

*Sir Car.* Look, honor—and ask his pardon.

*Enter Lady ARABLE.*

*O'Don.* Merciful heaven! I came hither to seek—but to find such a father! (*kneels.*)

*Sir Car.* Rise, my dear son; I'm not more rejoiced at finding you, than by fortune's knocking at the door of poverty to see it opened by an honest man.

*Enter* METHEGLIN.

*Lady Ara.* This gentleman your son, Sir Carroll! This I hope may in some measure justify what I dreaded would prove the inexcusable error of my heart.

*Metb.* Your choice of me, error, my Lady! (*All stare*).

*Sir Car.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Metheglin, I fear you've been in a little mistake here; but as it has discovered your perfidious Katty and her husband's imposture upon me, you shan't lose your place at the sideboard.

*Metb.* Sideboard! My wedding suit, new white gloves and brigadier wig!—Ah, you'll be yet Sir Edward! Title turns it—Oh, woman! sacrifice happiness to vanity!

*Enter* LARRY.

*Larry.* Ah, my haughty goddess! your consent comes now too late—Upon my honor you cannot have me!

*Metb.* Well said, Larry!

*Larry.* Larry!

*Sir Car.* Thank Heaven you are no son of mine! There is your father! (*pointing to ALIBI.*)

*Alibi.* Sir Carroll's right. This is his young gentleman, and you are mine.

*Metb.* How do you do, Larry?

*Larry.* Larry! what the devil do you Larry me for?—Your son! Eh?—Old Alibi's son! (*Noise without.*)—What is the meaning of all this?

*Alibi.* The Captain again! Hide that bottle and lock the china cupboard.

*Metb.*

*Meth.* Give me the bottle and lock us up together.  
[Retires.]

*Enter AIRCOURT and SOPHIA.*

*Airc.* Be it known from Belgrade to Balbriggan that old gentlemen may keep their widows! for this lady is now the wife of Captain Kilmeinham O'Squaramough.

*Alibi.* Your wife! And who are you?

*Airc.* Mr. Alibi; I supposed from the known venality of your character, had I asked your consent fairly and openly, I never should have gained it; but instead of a needy adventurer, my Sophia shall prove, that to obtain her charming self was the sole object of her affectionate Aircourt.

*Larry.* No, my dear fellow, you took her off for me!

*Airc.* No, my dear fellow, I took her off for myself!

*Larry.* But you said for me.

*Airc.* Pho! 'twas only the "Lie of the Day!"—With any other motive I'd scorn to circumvent a friend; but in love all stratagem is allowable.

*Meth.* Ha, ha, ha! how do you do, Larry?

[Exit.]

*Alibi.* This Aircourt!

*Airc.* Aye, poor clerk Robin! who used to play with the maids!

*Alibi.* Mind, her fortune is still in my hands—I'm her guardian!

*Sophia.* No, Sir, you are not. The name for executor in my mother's will is Alibi; now, as I understand that yours is Kavanagh, we shall make your part in the trust void by the misnomer!

*Alibi.* Here's petticoat pleading! I must make her a chamber council, and be curst to me!

*Sophia.* He, he, he! How did you like my picture, Sir?

*Lady Ara.* Ah, you arch one!

*Sir Car.* Reimburse the four thousand it has cost me in the training of your son Lawrence! and give this lady her fortune; or for your fraud on me I'll prosecute you to beggary! To acquire riches was the cause of your crime; the loss of them now be your punishment.—The events of this day have proved, that the Eye which sees all, directs an unerring hand, to give vice the lash, and drop on the brow of honour the blooming wreath of unfading happiness.

THE END.

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